

JEAN ELIOT'S LETTER

A Chronicle of Society



MY DEAR SUSAN:
Somehow or other I did think that in the two days that you were here this week we could manage to get talked up on all the news, but we didn't, did we? There were so many glasses of iced tea to drink and so many folks to talk to. It was so delightful to have you here even for a little time. This letter is in the nature of a steamer letter, Susan. You know you promised you would not open it until you got aboard. In case you forget and have opened it, I have only put this very first part in this envelope; the rest comes in another. So watch for it.

Very first of all, you must be told that Mabel Scott Smith and C. T. Kingsbury won the mixed doubles over at the Washington Country Club tennis tournament Friday afternoon. Isn't that great! Then that nice Ethel Atkinson girl won in the girls' singles. I've forgotten the rest, and anyway it is not over yet. I suppose tomorrow will see it finished. By the way, Helen Durnin played, too. She has not been back long from California, where she spent last winter. She is braver than ever.

Yes, the Vice President and Mrs. Marshall went out home for the graduation exercises at Wabash College, in Crawfordsville. The Vice President is a graduate of the college, and he will address the class.

Elizabeth Deeble is coming home, and I am tickled to death. Mrs. Deeble, Elizabeth, Dorothy, and Margaret land today, after spending the last year and a half abroad. William graduates at the V. M. I. this year, and they are all going down for commencement week, and then will come to Washington for a little while. William has been appointed to West Point, and the family will make no summer plans until he is settled here. I know they are all delighted at his success, for it has been the dream of his life. Elizabeth's letters have been very interesting, and I am crazy to see her and hear all about her trip.

Mr. and Mrs. William Barret Ridgely and Mrs. Ridgely's mother, Mrs. Deering, are leaving their house about the last of the month. They are going back to East Gloucester, where they were last year, taking the same rooms in the cottage of the Hawthorne Inn. It is so lovely up there and a real Washington colony holds forth during the season. The Reeves Lewises go to Bass Rocks, which is adjoining, and the Wheatleys, the Le Roy Tuffles and their two dear little girls. Then Mrs. Richard K. Tyler, Mrs. Richard Weightman and her mother, Mrs. Drury, will all be guests at the Hawthorne Inn. You remember lovely Lore Howard, of New Orleans, who was the very first debutante of this past season? She was presented by her aunt, Mrs. Weightman. Well, she and her mother are going to be at East Gloucester with Mrs. Weightman most of the summer.

The Arthur Addison goes back to their place at Bar Harbor again this year.

I'm so interested in your seeing Mrs. Mable D. Evans, widow of "Fighting Bob," in New York when she landed on the Martha Washington. Just think what changes she must have noticed in Italy after not having been there in forty years.

And the little granddaughter—Dorothy Sewall, who is now ten years old. I used to remember her so well as a little baby, when they all lived in the old Indiana avenue house across from the Courthouse. The house has been closed all winter, during their stay abroad. That is, it is closed except for the caretakers, and they really do take care and keep the place looking as well as when occupied.

I suppose they will all visit Commander Evans at Newport and hear all about his recent experiences at Vera Cruz?

That rumor to the effect that Mrs. Russell Sage had purchased a home near Leesburg, Va., is without foundation, Susan. Some one, I know, asked Mrs. Sage and she said there was no truth in it at all.

June week at Annapolis must have been particularly wonderful this year with the heavenly weather that blessed the occasion, no do you know who must, I think, have had just about the best time of all the hundred-and-one parties that went down for the occasion? Why, Mrs. Elmer Black, Mrs. Drosley, and the three pretty girls, Dorothy Black, Dorothy Dunn, and Mary Lord Andrews, who went with them. Mrs. Black took a whole wing of the old Brice house, for the week, so they had their own sitting-rooms, furnished with lovely old-fashioned things, and a delectable garden, which naturally grew a large crop of midshipmen. One evening Mrs. Black gave a garden

party, with Japanese lanterns, flower-decked tables and all the usual charming accessories to garden parties. And instead of dancing—rather run into the ground the rest of the week—they had a famous darkey quartet, to amuse the guests.

Harken to the tale of a pump and a pup—in fact, several pups. Pretty little Wallis Warfield, of Baltimore—you know she is a niece of Mrs. Buck Merryman—lost a little brown pup from an automobile between Baltimore and the Ruxton Club not very long ago. Another pair of pups in the tonneau saved her from the necessity of trying to make bare feet fashionable, but, not finding the remaining one of much use without its mate, she phoned to a newspaper and inserted an advertisement. It appeared next day, but read: "Lost, one brown pup. Return to Miss Warfield, at Earlcourt and receive reward." Tableau. Behold every unclaimed brown pup in Baltimore and many who had been brown pups in the remote past dragged kicking and squealing to Miss Warfield's home, while she and her mother, Mrs. Rasin, protested violently they had lost no pup, desired no pup, and had no possible place to keep a pup—brown or any other color. After many tribulations the advertisement was correctly inserted and the slipper retrieved, but next time "I'll write it," says Miss Warfield.

I'll declare, Susan, the various drug stores up town are getting to be more like pink teas than places of business. No matter what time you drop into any of these soda water emporiums, for that is about all they amount to as far as the young folks are concerned, you meet some one you know. In the evenings they are just packed and jammed and everyone knows everyone else. There is one place in Connecticut avenue where folks go from all ends of town and after spending a little time there you could tell just who had such and such a beau that night.

Some one I know from New York was telling me the other day that Carol Robertson, to whom Margaret Britton is engaged, has loads of money. He inherited a large fortune and was far-sighted, fortunate or whatever you might call it, enough to invest largely in the movies, so you know the rest. He is a rather fine looking chap and can dance like a dream. Margaret is on Long Island now for the polo.

One of the most romantic weddings I know of is going to take place Monday evening, when little Agnes Gaskins and Bagar Smith will be married. You know, Agnes and Mr. Smith have been engaged for quite a while, but, to please her father, Agnes decided to put off the wedding until after her graduation from the Business High School. She will be graduated Monday evening, and immediately following the wedding will take place at her home. It will be quiet, and afterward they will leave for Atlantic City to spend the summer. As well as being one of the prettiest girls in the class, Agnes is one of the youngest.

I heard an amusing little story about a very attractive little woman the other day, a newcomer to Washington, who is being extensively fêted. It seems the lady lives at a distance from the center of things social and consequently has spent about half her time in her automobile hastening from party to party. The other day she arrived breathless at a luncheon and greeted her hostess with a "Well, my dear, this is the third time this week I've dressed in the machine, in Massachusetts avenue, with only luck and dark curtains to save me from arrest."

Helen Humphrey's wedding to Percy Lawton Harley, of Boston and Redlands, Cal., takes place Wednesday at noon in old St. John's Episcopal Church, followed by a breakfast at the home of Maj. Gen. and Mrs. Charles F. Humphrey, in Leroy place.

Mr. Harley arrived in town early in the week, and there have been no end of dinners, luncheons, teas, and things, all more or less informal on account of the warm weather.

I'm glad I took your advice, Susan, and paid a visit to the Success, the old British convict ship. It was more than interesting, even if it did make you quake at times. Everyone in town, I think, found their way down to the old ferryboat wharf where it is anchored and took a look. Admiral Dewey was down the day I was there and he was so interested he brought Mrs. Dewey down another time, then the President's secretary, Mr. Tuma, came down with all the little Tumults. The kiddies were so interested.

Just think, that old craft is 123 years old, and yet sufficiently seaworthy to cross the ocean unaided.



MISS DAISY PECK.

—Photo by Buck.

Just by way of a surprise, for today you get a picture, instead of the usual portion of news. When I got this sweet picture of Daisy Peck, I decided that I'd send it to you, but you must give it back when you return, and maybe when you tell Daisy how you carried it all summer, she will give you one. Right now she is down in La Grange, Ga., where she went to be an attendant at the marriage of Miss Katherine Wakeman Callaway and her cousin, Arthur G. Porcher, on Wednesday.

You say Jack told you that he passed the Vice President's car stuck on the Baltimore boulevard. Isn't that funny everyone in town must have been on that road that day and seen the Marshalls in their plight. That car has been a jinx anyway, but like the good folks they are, they make the best of it and manage to get much enjoyment out of it.

And, speaking of the road to Baltimore—well, I was one of a party recently who went that way, and just before we got to Hyattsville an army of little boys sprang up from the very bushes, it seemed, and warned us that the road was closed ahead on account of a bridge being torn down. There was no sign to that effect, but anyway they succeeded in convincing us that we couldn't get along much farther without their services, so we allowed ourselves to be piloted by them through the longest, most winding, and, I might add, dustiest, road that ever was made, through Mount Rainier and several other places, and finally on to the main road.

As we did not come back over that road that night, we had no way of finding out if the road was closed, but from the large amounts of money the kiddies assured us they made, as they stood on the running boards of the machine, there is little doubt that we were not the only ones to "fall" for their scheme.

Now please do not be alarmed, Susan, there is no truth in the rumor that the Assistant Secretary of State, John E. Osborne is retiring from office. He and Mrs. Osborne and little Jean Curtis Osborne are merely going away for the summer on July 1. They are going down to visit Mrs. Osborne's mother, in Kentucky. The Secretary leaves there after several weeks and makes an extended Western trip, but Mrs. Osborne and the little girl are to stay there until October. Some one was teasing little Jean Curtis

about going to the South for the summer. They said it would be as hot there as in Washington, and in her little wise way she spoke up and told them they were wrong. She said folks lived so differently in Kentucky they didn't suffer with heat.

The polo games in New York certainly did attract Washington folks this week. The George Howards went up and Capt. Heathcote Grant, of the British embassy; the Preston Gibsons and—oh, goodness knows who. The Francis B. Crownshields motored down from their Seaside Farm, near Marblehead, Mass. and other folks who have gone in that neighborhood came down.

Such a time as the members of the Ladies' Beneficent Society of the old First Presbyterian Church had on Wednesday.

They went on a real, old-fashioned picnic to Great Falls. Some of the members departed early and arranged things. A little later the folks began to arrive, and by the time luncheon was served there were more than forty present, including the pastor of the church, Dr. John B. Clark, and Mr. Beveridge, one of the elders, I think he is.

There were toasts and debates, with the president of the society, Mrs. Mattie Vaughan, acting as toastmistress. Dr. Clark objected to toasts. He said freezes would be more in keeping with the season. A debate concerning the advisability of allowing men to become members of the organization caused much laughter. Those responding were Dr. Clark, Mr. Beveridge, Miss Caro Kershaw, Mrs. Robert Zimmerman, Mrs. Lincoln, Mrs. Ruth Graver, and Mrs. Mattern.

And in telling you this about the old First Church it reminds me to tell you that those two pretty Polkinhorn girls, whom you used to know there, were married Wednesday night. Grace married Dr. Raphael Sherfy, and Marguerite married William R. Fitch, formerly of South Carolina. The weddings were at their home on Capitol Hill, with Dr. John B. Clark officiating. The girls wore the sweetest dresses of white chiffon cloth and lace. They had wreaths of orange blossoms, but no veils, and carried armfuls of Bride roses and lilies of the valley. A small reception followed before they left for honeymoon trips. They went together as far as New York, and one couple went up the Hudson and the other to Niagara Falls.

You know, Grace's husband is really her

brother-in-law. He was married to her sister May, whose very sad death happened several years ago. The dear little twins who were left motherless have always been Grace's particular care, and it seems most fitting that this wedding should have been. I think it was so nice that both girls were married at the same time, too.

Marie Adams is still in town. She and her father and mother are not going away until the middle of July.

Little Lillian Thompson came in the other day, with her face a mile long and when her aunt asked her trouble she burst forth: "Well, you see I'm looking for a birthday present for mother, so I stopped into a shop in Connecticut avenue to see what I could find."

"You mean the Woman's Exchange, I suppose?"

"Oh, no!" said Miss Lillian, aged ten or thereabouts: "I mean one of those smart shops. I just picked out a little silk bag, and how much do you suppose they asked? Five dollars. I was so indignant I never said a word, but turned and walked straight out of the shop."

What does it mean when two perfectly sane, perfectly sober, and rather more than usually clever people travel some twenty miles by automobile, in broad daylight, with the headlights lit—and never know the difference until darkness falls? That is what happened recently to two friends of mine and the only explanation they have to offer is that the machine stood in the open all night with the lights on, naturally, and next day, when they started on their ride, they never noticed it.

I was talking to Mrs. Henry D. Flood the other day and she says she and Congressman Flood have abandoned their idea of going abroad this summer. She is dividing her time between their apartment at the Shoreham and their respective Virginia homes. Later they are going to the White Sulphur Springs for a visit, and maybe next winter they will go abroad. You know Nanna never did care about Europe in the summer time. She spent three winters there and two summers, so she knows which is the most enjoyable time to go.

Yes, Mary Mildred Tumure, whose engagement to Roger Wolcott Griswold was announced at Lennox the other day, is a cousin of Alice Appleton, who is engaged to Clarence L. Hay, a son-of-the late Secretary of State.

George B. Cortelyou, Secretary of the Treasury during the Roosevelt Administration, who lived around the corner from us when he was first in official life, has purchased the large Taylor place, Harbor Lights, at Halasite, Huntington, L. I. The

whole family have taken possession now. For the last six years the Cortelyous occupied Halecroft, near Harbor Lights.

Mrs. Charles E. Hughes and the younger children have gone up to their camp near Lake Placid, and Mr. Justice Hughes will join them early next week. From there they will all go over to New York for the wedding of their son, Charles E., Jr., and Marjory Bruce Stuart, on Wednesday. Hasn't she a pretty name that sounds mighty Scotch? She is the daughter of the Henry C. Stuarts.

The wedding takes place in the chapel of St. Saviour, of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, and will be followed by a very small breakfast at the bride's home.

Helen Hughes, sister of the bridegroom and roommate of the bride at Vassar, will be the maid of honor, and the four bridesmaids were also classmates at Vassar.

None of Mr. Hughes' attendants are from Washington, but they are all classmates of his, either at Brown University or Harvard Law School.

Mr. Hughes, you remember, was one of the ushers at the marriage of Miss Jessie Wilson and Francis Bowes Sayre, at the White House, last November.

No, my dear, Congressman Slem of Virginia and that attractive sister of his are not going abroad, after all. They had talked about it, but when things took the turn they did at the Capitol, all plans were given up, and up to the moment they have absolutely nothing arranged for by way of vacation.

Miss Slem has Marjorie Harrison, from down in Virginia, visiting her now, and they are doing the usual things in and about town at this season.

The Brookses have closed their house in Nineteenth street now. Mrs. Brookes has gone to the summer place they have on Cape Cod, and Margaret is at West Point. She will join her mother later. Seems to me Margaret grows prettier all the time. Her complexion is just wonderful.

Now, Susan, this is the last day of your journey and the last installment of my letter. When I finish writing this I am going down on F street to select a wedding present, and then I rather think I shall go out to the Country Club and see the folks play tennis a while. The trip we had planned for Braddock Heights had to be called off, unfortunately, and I have this afternoon and all day Sunday on my hands.

Write as soon as you can, for until I get a letter hearing about everything that happened aboard I'll be ill from curiosity.

Until that letter comes, I am, impatiently,

Jean Eliot
Saturday afternoon.

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